

# Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1842.

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 7 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
Jeffersonian Republican.

## Fashionable Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT.

M. M. BURNETT,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and county generally, that he is still exerting himself for their accommodation at his stand, one door below the office of Wm. Davis, Esq. on Elizabeth street, and has now in his possession plates and diagrams of the Very Latest City Fashions;

from which he is enabled to cut all kinds of gentlemen's wearing apparel in a manner that cannot fail to please those who may wish to dress in strict accordance with the prevailing modes. For others whose tastes may not incline to the latest fashions, or whose ages may suggest ideas of comfort rather than display, he trusts he is equally well prepared; having had the advantage of many years experience in the difficult, yet not unimportant task of adapting his work to the wishes of many and various persons. He is prepared to supply orders with promptness and despatch. With his sincerest thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits its continuance—determined to neglect no means of giving his customers full and ample satisfaction.

All kinds of cutting neatly executed at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style.

September 14, 1842.

## LUMBER! LUMBER!!

The subscribers have at their Mill situate three miles from John Fleet's Tavern, which is on the Drinker Pike, and only half a mile from Henry W. Drinker, Esq., a large and general assortment of seasoned

## White Pine Lumber

of the best quality, which they offer at very low prices. Purchasers would do well to call and examine their assortment, it being from 5 to 10 miles nearer, and a much better road, than to any other Mill in this section of country, where a general assortment can be had.

PHILIP G. READING & Co.

September 21, 1842.—4m.

## NOTICE.

Petitions for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, have been filed by Moses Gross, Lumberman, Pike county. Walter Buchanan, Tanner, do. And Friday the 30th day of December next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,

Clerk of the District Court.  
Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1842.—10.

## NOTICE.

A Petition for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, has been filed by John Finch, Leather Manufacturer, Pike county. And Friday the 30th day of December next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioner, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,

Clerk of the District Court.  
Philadelphia, Oct. 8, 1842.—10w. 013

## POETRY.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

### Adieu to Old Erin.

Home of my childhood, I bid thee farewell,  
My eyes on thy sorrows no longer can dwell;  
I leave thee, but ah! it's with grief and despair  
I leave thee, thou land of the brave and the fair.

Farewell to thy mountains—thy rivers and meads,  
Farewell to the cliffs where the proud Eagle breeds,  
Farewell to daisy and sham-rock clad fields,  
And the rivulet banks that the sweet primrose yields.

My friends and my country I bid thee farewell,  
I go where the bold sons of liberty dwell,  
I go to a land that lies far o'er the wave,  
But it's the land of the free and the land of the brave.

My brethren and sisters I bid you farewell,  
The grief of my bosom no pencil can tell;  
I grieve for my country, my home, and for those  
I leave in the land where pure friendship still flows.

I leave thee, but oh! I hope yet to return  
When prosperity's star o'er my country does burn,  
When peace without discord, is spread all around,  
And her people with love, and Religion are crown'd.

Till then, dearest Erin, I bid thee farewell,  
My heart to thy green fields is bound by a spell;  
But duty commands that I leave thee a while,  
My home and the shores of the Emerald Isle.

T. M.

A Son of Erin.

Williamsburg, Northampton co. Pa.

From the Literary Harvester.

### The Memory of the Departed.

BY WILLIAM H. CRANSTONE.

"The sweet remembrance of the just,  
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust,"  
When darkness veils this variant earth,  
And sorrows cluster round the soul,  
'Tis well to bow at memory's shine,  
Where orient thoughts unceasing roll;  
The form, the looks, the words of one,  
Once buoyant on life's stormy sea,  
Come rushing through time's vista, fresh—  
The tailmen of memory.

The mind, in ecstasy of thought,  
Is wrapt in infinite delight,  
And holds communion with the just,  
Redeemed from error's factious night,  
The virtues of the good appear,  
In all their vividness of life—  
The calm remembrance of the dead  
Can often lull the storms of strife.

The fond remembrance of a friend,  
Who sleeps the silent sleep of death,  
Whose warm affections I possessed,  
Ere she gave back her borrowed breath,  
Oft cheers me when despair is rife,  
And doubts, madly on I press,  
Regardless e'en of life's concerns,  
But vainly seeking happiness.

The kindly counsel that she gave,  
In youth's too wild and reckless day,  
Is treasured up within my heart,  
A sure defence 'gainst error's sway;  
The meek example that she set,  
For me, while in this world of woe,  
With freshness rises in my mind,  
Wherever I may chance to go.

Such sweet mementoes of the dead,  
And fond remembrances I prize—  
I dearly love to dream of those,  
When Death's transplanted in the skies;  
I'm lost with transport and with joy,  
Whene'er the memory of the dead,  
Steals gently o'er my troubled mind,  
And calms my wild, delicious head.

I deem it but the harbinger  
Of joyous seasons yet to come,  
When, re-united, I may live,  
With friends, should Heaven but be my home;  
Transporting theme! O bliss divine!  
When life and all its cares shall end,  
Be mine the joy at last to meet  
In Heaven, my much beloved friend!

### Posing a Pedagogue.

"Sally Jones have you done the sum I set you?"  
"No thir, I can't do it."  
"Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word can't! For there is no sum that can't be done, I can tell you."

"I think, thir, that I know a thum you can't thirer out."  
"Ha! well, well, Sally! let's hear it."  
"It is thir thir: If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rath, how many thuch will it take to make a barrel of thweet thirer, thir?"

"Miss Sally Jones—you may turn to your parsing lesson."  
"Yeth, thir."

"After you," as the kettle said to the dog's tail.

### The Delaware Water Gap.

Mr. H. HOWE, of New Haven, who has during the past season visited nearly every town and settlement in New Jersey, in the pursuit of materials for a general history of the State, from its earliest settlement, and whose researches appear to have been well rewarded, gives the following account of a visit to the Delaware Water Gap, in a letter from Newton (Sussex Co.) to the New Haven Herald:

On each side of the Gap the mountains are seen rising to the height of nearly one-third of a mile, their sides clothed with the towering hemlock, and other forest trees. In many places huge ledges of rock, hundreds of feet high, stand frowning forth; and on the Jersey, or right side, descend precipitously to the water's edge. In the distance the mountains appear lower, more graceful, and curving around to the left, shut out a farther prospect. From between, the Delaware comes winding down in all her majesty, like one vast sheet of liquid silver, and giving the finishing touch to a landscape of surpassing grandeur.

As evening approached, I proceeded to the tavern, seen at the basis of the mountain. Supper was soon ready. Capacious dishes filled almost to overflowing with a desirable variety, were piled promiscuously, in "country fashion," on the board. While helping myself to the good things, and partaking of the best of coffee, the landlady, a hale, robust, elderly woman, amused me with stories of rattlesnakes, and other reptiles that infest these regions, until I almost trembled at the thought of ascending the mountain on the morrow. Among the rest, she related the following, as having occurred to herself. It is almost incredible, but I have no reason to doubt its truth.

When a young woman, as she was coming home one evening, barefoot, she was bitten between the toes by a rattlesnake. It felt like the sting of a bee. The part soon became numb; the sensation being like one's foot waking from sleep. By the time she arrived at the house, the effects of the poison had gradually ascended the limb, and was diffusing itself all over her person. In an hour she was so swollen as to be incapable of moving, and could but slightly wave her hand. The skin broke in several places, blood and poisonous matter oozed out. She could neither speak nor see. Her tongue protruded from her mouth, and blood ran therefrom in a stream. Her heart seemed as though it would burst—and her agony (according to her expression) was as great as though she had been dipped in a cauldron of boiling water. She momentarily expected death. By this time some warm milk was procured, and poured down her throat. This felt like cold water on a burn, giving instant relief. The swelling partly subsided, and she could draw in her tongue. For nine days she was confined to her bed, unable to help herself, suffering great pain, and vomiting almost continually. Meanwhile, she was nursed with pilot root, boiled in milk. At the expiration of this period the neighbors, who had killed several snakes, at last (as she believes) destroyed the identical one that had bitten her. To this, in conformity with popular belief among the mountaineers, she ascribed her cure; and from that time gained rapidly. In a fortnight she was up and about the house. Although twenty-five years have elapsed, there is at times, particularly in the autumn, numbness and pain in the bitten foot, which frequently deprives her of sleep.

While in that vicinity, I saw several who had been bitten by poisonous snakes; and from what I there learned, warm fresh milk drank freely, together with salt and soap mixed, applied to the wound, usually effects a cure, unless the poison is absorbed into a large vein, when death almost invariably ensues. These reptiles still abound here, and are frequently killed; yet the inhabitants stand in little fear. The snake rarely strikes above the ankle, and a thick boot is a certain protection. The pilot or copper-head of the South is the most feared, because it is sly and malicious, being rarely seen until it bites. The rattlesnake is a generous animal. It seldom attacks, without first giving warning. The oil fried from its fat is highly valued by the ignorant as an universal specific in almost every disease.

After dark, I went into the Gap, and there witnessed a novel method of fishing. Several lines were stretched across the river, at that place about forty rods wide, to which were attached smaller ones with hooks. Once in an hour or two, the fishermen would row across the stream, take in their lines, gather the fish, and then re-set them. Not wishing to join in so unscientific a method of angling, I seated myself alone on a fallen trunk, under some trees, beside the river bank. I shall never forget that moment. On the opposite side, high in air, in gloomy grandeur, arose the Jersey Mountain; its rough, craggy precipices, and deep, fearful chasms, just discerned through the blackness of night, were reflected boldly on the surface of the river, which appeared dark and unfathomable as eternity. A few stars were twinkling far away above the mountain, and here and there on the other bank, a light from

some solitary dwelling cast its ray across the blackened waters. Immediately behind me, lay the fishermen in grotesque posture around a huge fire, the warm light of which illuminating the leafy canopy over my head, enhanced the wild sublimity of this Alpine scene.

The next morning, in company with the landlady's son, and a small dog as a protection against snakes, I crossed the river and commenced the toilsome ascent of the Jersey Mountain. At first, I experienced slight trepidation, momentarily expecting to hear the low, terrific warning of a rattlesnake, or feel the sting of some malicious pilot, as he darted from a jutting rock into my face; but our little cur going ahead, snuffing and sniffing among the stones, in search of these reptiles, set an example of fearlessness that his superiors were glad to copy. We at length arrived at the summit, when was presented a scene of glory. To the south it was,

"A gaily chequered, heart expanding view,  
Far as the circling eye could shoot around."

A vast expanse was spread out in the luxuriance of vegetation; diversified with hills, valleys, woodlands, cultivated fields, and here and there a dwelling. Through this lovely landscape, gently wound the Delaware, the gurgling of its passing waters in the vale, in soft murmurs, reached the heights above. To the north, up the gorge, the scene was wild. On the left, the Pennsylvania Mountain came abruptly down to the water's edge. To the right and front, the eminence we were on, curved around and enclosing the river in a basin imparted to it the similitude of a lake, as it lay below, deep and sombre in the shadow of encircling hills. Still further on, the whole back ground was filled with long ranges of irregularly peaked mountains: those near, fresh in their livery of green; those beyond, assuming a deep blue color, and then becoming fainter, until mellowing away like indistinct clouds afar off in the horizon.

Descending, I re-crossed the river to the tavern, where I had stayed the preceding night. Buckling on my knapsack, I walked through the gap. At the distance of half a mile, the river turns suddenly to the left, and then soon again resumes its former course. In a mile or more, the mountains grow less bold, although still lofty; and the stream wider, until it expands to its full breadth. Numerous verdant isles now appear, graced with massy trees, whose branches wave as if to kiss the passing waters. The hills recede from the river; cultivated farms and dwellings present themselves, and the scene changes its wildness, to one of enchanting beauty. I walked on for several miles, and was finally rowed in a boat across the river to a neighboring farm house, where I was to pass the night. The rays of the departing sun gilding the summits of the mountains, and the lengthening shadows in the valleys and across the waters told that night was near. While enjoying the prospect, my mind was filled with pleasing retrospections of the few past hours; and as I sat in that little skiff gliding over the placid surface of the Delaware, I felt that this had been one of the happiest days of my life.

Truly yours, H. Howe.

### Water Nutrition.

Water, besides serving the purpose of dilution, and being the indispensable menstruum and medium by which other substances are kept in solution and conveyed from one part of the body to another, has also alimentary properties of its own—a large proportion of which, if drunk, is speedily absorbed by the veins, and finds its entrance at once in the circulation some time before the product of the digested food is introduced by the way of the lacteals. We have well authenticated cases of persons who have lived for a length of time entirely abstinent from all customary aliment, and whose only drink was water. In the "Transactions of the Albany Institute" for 1830, Dr. McNaughton relates the case of a man by the name of Reuben Kelsey, who lived on water alone for fifty-three days. "For the first six weeks he walked out every day, and sometimes spent a great part of the day in the woods. His walk was steady and firm, and his friends even remarked that his step had unusual elasticity.—He shaved himself until about a week before his death, and was able to sit up in his bed to the last day." At the time of his death Kelsey was 27 years of age.—Dr. Bell.

"Nimrod, can you tell me who was the first man?"

"Adam somebody. His father wasn't nobody, and he never had no mother, on account of the scarcity of women and the pressure of the times."

"How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

"Till they found their way out."

"Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?"

"Gov. Dorr."

"Why was he obliged to flee hither?"

"Because he got up King's ebenezer, and Providence would 'nt protect him."—Sandusky American.

### Recollections of a Stroller.

BY CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

During my tour through the western country, I accidentally stumbled upon the town of H—, in which place an old showman was nightly exhibiting "The Wonders of Nature and Art." As I happened to "tie up," at the same tavern where he "hung out," I was favored with his acquaintance shortly after my arrival. He was of the genus Yankee, and as I am no philosopher, his repeated questions soon forced from me the fact that I belonged to the theatrical profession, and was on a stroll for pleasure. Possessed of this information, he made me his confidant, and I soon learned that the good people of H— seemed to be devoid of curiosity to witness the "Wonders of Nature and Art," and my Yankee friend was making a losing game of it; he had been for some weeks engaged in the construction of a piece of mechanism, which was now completed, and the bills announced that a "miniature representation of a Battle on the Ocean would shortly be exhibited." Now old "Snuffle," to use his own expression, meant to "come it strong," and pressed me to remain till after the "first night," at any rate, and he would pay me any sum I wished. He would accept of no excuse, and I finally consented to remain.

The "first night" arrived—the benches were crowded and groaned beneath the weight of the corn-fed dignitaries of H—. The little stage, which was concealed from the audience by a green table-cloth, represented the open ocean. Two or three lessons rendered me perfect in my part of the performances and old "Snuffle" gave me my station. My post was beneath the waters which were hung some four feet above me; my agents were a powder flask, a big drum, and a small furnace in which were heating several pokers which were to enable me to "touch off" with more facility the powder we should use during the engagement; above me floated in apparent security, the American and British Squadrons whose destinies I was to wield. "Snuffle" undertook the management of several "seventy-fours" which were to get dismasted during the fight, and the rest were left to me. The curtain rose! Lifting up my hand, I grasped the handle of a frigate, and moved her through the waters "like a thing of life"—placing her in a position, I brought up the others, and they lay in line. "Snuffle" then advanced with the "enemy," and told me in a whisper, to (sniff, sniff, sniff) "fire the first gun!" I touched a ret hot poker to a few grains of powder, which caused a flash, and a terrific whack on the drum made the report. The fight now commenced in earnest—now poker, now drum was the order. "Snuffle" dismasted all his ships, and then commanded me to (sniff, sniff) "to sink one of the English vessels." First giving the drum a mortal thump, I seized a seventy-four and pulled her down to "Davy Jones" in a twinkling. "(Sniff, sniff) thunder and lightning!" exclaimed "Snuffle," "you've sunk an American vessel!"—and there you're moving a ship along about ten miles an hour without a bit of canvass on her—and the others under full sail are standin' still!"

In my hurry to remedy the evil I had caused, and forgetting the ship I was sailing, I dropped it, and of course that sunk also. Seizing the American ship I had doomed so *mal apropos* to destruction, I lifted her up again to the surface, but not calculating the distance in my confusion, I exposed my whole arm to the audience, holding in my hand the rescued vessel! (Sniff, sniff) "Damnation," said Snuffle, "they see your arm, take it down quick." I instantly dropped it, ship and all, and then came the final catastrophe. A button of my sleeve caught on the slight frame work on which the ships traversed, the sudden jerk tore it down, and both fleets were instantaneously plunged into the unfathomable depths. A seventy-four hit me on one side of the head, and Snuffle hit me on the other, but I was too much convulsed with laughter to mind either blow. Snuffle discharged me instanter, and that was the last night of the new Panorama.

The incident given below has the merit of truth. It occurred a few days since at the Post Office in this city.

"One hundred and elivin," exclaimed a voice, that told at once its owner's wish and his place of birth. The officer on duty, finding that the box so numbered was not let, returned to his loop hole, and scrutinized the speaker very carefully, when the following conversation took place.

Officer. "What do you want?"

Pat. "Letters, if you please."

Officer. "Who sent you here?"

Pat. "Twas just myself, sir."

Officer. "What is your name?"

Pat. "Dermot Hughes, sir."

Officer. "Why do you expect to get your letters in this way?"

Pat. "What way 'ud I expect to get *them* sir? shure, this is the post-office!"

Officer. "Yes, but why do you ask for 111?"

Pat. "It's where I live, sir—one hundred and elivin Delancy-street."—N. Y. American.

Fanny Ellsler is about to appear in Paris,